

# Wood River Glacier.

FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1896.

The Valley Improvement Company. The Valley Improvement company was organized under the present articles of incorporation on Nov. 15, 1895, by C. A. Bell, L. E. Morse, J. E. Hanna, C. M. Wolfard, J. H. Ferguson, P. A. Snyder, F. Dayenport and H. F. Davidson, by whom a majority of the capital stock, \$20,000, was subscribed.

The matters of securing the right of way and other rights and privileges were pushed ahead as fast as was practicable, until the right of way was secured all along the river bluff out as far as to the land owned by M. P. Isenberg, near where Mr. S. W. Arnold now resides, and all parties holding land below this place are very willing to give the right of way as soon as the route is definitely located.

The survey has been made and stakes are set on the line of the proposed ditch as far as it is necessary to have any surveying done, and all is in readiness to go to work.

The expense of the legal work and surveying are all paid, so at the present time any assessments which might be levied will be used for constructing the ditch and flume, as soon as a sufficient amount is collected to justify making a start.

The demand for water is an imperative one, as this season the applications for water from the present water supply company have been double the capacity of the ditch, and with a mere prospect for a full supply another season the demand would be trebled, and the general clamor is for "more water! and how and when can we get it?"

As a business proposition, this enterprise is highly desirable, especially to those who have real estate or business interests in the valley.

The Water Supply Co. have paid over \$8,000 for their ditch system and have for sale 250 miners' inches of water, costing at the rate of over \$32 per inch, and the stock in the company has never sold below par. By the new ditch 3000 miner's inches will be brought into the valley at a maximum cost of \$25,000, making the property worth, on the basis of the present water company, \$96,000. But presuming that the demand for water for the year after the completion of the ditch would not exceed 1,000 inches, the property would then be worth \$32,000, or about \$7,000 more than actual cost, and will pay a good income on the investment with a certainty of a gradual increasing demand until the entire supply will be used. When we say there is a demand next year for 1,000 inches of water we mean at the rate of \$5 per inch, which is the price now realized, and at a reduced rate much more would be asked for for irrigating meadows, pastures, etc., while the \$5 rate might be too high for an extensive use of water for these purposes and the water use confined principally to irrigating fruits and vegetables.

The stock books are open now and in the hands of the postmaster, L. E. Morse, for the purpose of receiving subscriptions to the capital stock by those who feel able and willing to help push this matter forward.

The size of the undertaking will of course necessitate the very strongest effort on the part of every individual in the valley or interested in the progress of the valley, in the line of giving substantial aid. The more general the stock is taken up the faster the work will be put forward. It is reasonably certain that the ditch will be built, and the time it will take depends upon the liberality of support.

There will be a meeting of the subscribers to the capital stock in Hood River, on Saturday, March 14th, at 2 p. m., for the purpose of giving the subscribers at that time an opportunity to choose a board of directors and make such recommendations as they wish carried out. Let every person make himself a committee of one to see to it that no person who is able to give this proposition help fails to do so and enable himself to take part in the election of officers, and help in making the immediate progress of the valley a matter of importance to home-seekers.

Both houses of congress have passed resolutions, by nearly unanimous vote, recognizing the belligerent rights of the Cubans. This action may cause war between the United States and Spain. Congress seems disposed to get us into a war with some foreign power before they get through, and strange to say, its action is backed by the great majority of the people of all parties. Nearly everybody seems to be "in favor of the new war." Our statesmen could better subvert the interests of the country by making provision for coast defenses and improving our navy before passing resolutions that may result in war with even as weak a nation as Spain.

The contractors at the locks say that it will take several weeks yet to complete the work. If it should be decided to construct retaining walls for the middle lock, a month will probably be occupied in this work.

McKinley seems to be the favorite presidential candidate with the republicans of Oregon, as he is with the republicans of most of the Western States

without a favorite son of their own. Morrison seems to lead with the democrats of the West. The avowed candidates of the republicans are making a hard fight for the nomination, as if it was worth fighting for. With the democrats and populists the office is held in the man, and it may not find him in these parties in 1896.

It is a wonder some enterprising free-silver statesman didn't move that a free-silver amendment be tacked onto the Cuban resolutions.

Some "Old Fashioned Gospel." "The mills of the gods grind slow," But they grind exceeding fine."

EDITOR GLACIER: In the GLACIER some insect has come buzzing around my ears. He seems to be busy for blood. He signs himself R. E. H. \*\*\*\*\* This was too much for me to solve. The women folks all gave it up. Our boy, whose mind seems to run much to unraveling knotty questions, after scratching his head over it for awhile, referred to the Vasco County Directory, and felt sure he had found it. He said the tail of seven stars stood for seven flour sacks sent once on a time with a grist to a mill and were never returned.

I inclined to receive this interpretation, as the captain of a vessel had told me that in unloading his cargo on a wharf somewhere in Turkey, he asked the burgomaster to send a police force to protect the merchandise from thieves. The burgomaster refused to do so, saying, "Your goods are perfectly safe on the wharf; for there isn't a Christian nearer than 300 miles from here, and he is a missionary running a small grist mill—too far away, sir, to even pack off your empty sacks."

Permit me now to tender my respects to your correspondent—not that I expect to make any good impressions on an "Ephraim joined to his idols," but with the view perhaps of getting a little old-fashioned gospel before such of our young people as are not hopelessly tangled in his gospel drag-net.

Dear Bro. B.—I want to address you that way just for short, as your kite that way long tail to it takes up too much precious space in the GLACIER. I call you "brother," because we were taught it Sunday school from the Ashantee nigger and the king of Dahomey, both cannibals, when sitting on the ground and gnawing the leg from a dead nigger's neck, remind you of their innocence and Adam and Eve in their innocence and beauty, taken by a photographer in Eden. Perhaps you have noticed, yourself, a striking family resemblance when comparing the pictures of those people with your photo and mine, embellishing the center of the group, forcibly reminding us that we all sprang from Adam and are all near of kin—all brothers. There might be this difference between us: While our brother in Africa preferred his meat rare, while I might say, "Thank you, no janitor in mine." We should not fall out about such "non-essentials" as a matter of taste. Now, brother, lets to business.

I fear from your epistle that the "heavenly dove" that flew out of the window left open by the janitor never found a resting place in your bosom. If it had, you would have taken the advice of Josiah Allen's wife—"In writing or speaking be firm but calm." You certainly had not held your head under cold water to produce a "warm" state of mind, or you would not have indulged in such expressions as: "Such case-hardened specimens as W. L. A.," "in one breath they are W. L. A.," "if their progeny end in the gallows," etc.; "a lot of parasites like W. L. A.," "your infatuation, rage and ridicule," "fire away, old man, for thy days are numbered," "venomous reptile," "excrecence among men."

Bro. B., such ebullitions of wrath, while not affecting me, injure yourself with all decent men in your own church; and such members as you will deter people of refinement from enduring your smell, and the poor janitor will be called on by a unanimous vote to leave the windows "up on both sides of the house" and a door open at each end. Then, Bro. B., why cannot you write without lying about your betters? If all lars shall have their part in a lake of fire and brimstone, you ought to choose when you read the following choice statements in your letter: "I have no such persons as W. L. A.," "in many instances, in one breath, I rave at their maker and revile all the efforts which their fellow men make to restrain evil and lift the fallen;" "he refers unfeelingly to the death of Newton Thomas;" "if I am not mistaken, the sermon was reprinted entire in Eastern papers." If it were reprinted East, where was it printed here first? Your informant has slandered Dr. Thomas, and you have gladly knowned the falsehood, as you have knowingly and wilfully falsified in every statement quoted above.

But, Bro. B., I see you are a praying man—"We have reason to thank God that such case-hardened specimens as W. L. A. do not predominate." I once read of one of your sanctimonious ancestors who went into the temple to pray—"I thank God I am not as other men." The poor publican made a short prayer, which reached the palace royal of the universe—"God be merciful to me a sinner." We meekly suggest to you, Bro. B., as neither you nor any of your kind have ever had a petition answered yet—you should leave off praying like a pharisee and go to praying the prayer of the publican.

Again, "There is (2) [next time write are] enough of them in existence to cause a running sore in every community." Glad I've got a running sore on you. As a physician, I have always endeavored to get a running sore on patients suffering from poisonous blood, venereal taint and other bad disorders. Bro. B., just keep that sore running, till your blood gets in better condition. Don't put a plaster on it—keep it running; your health depends on it.

"If their progeny (such as W. L. A.) end on the gallows, who will be to blame?" Weep not for me, Bro. B., but for yourself and your own children. My "progeny" are taught that every crime carries a sure punishment. They are taught that the wretch who goes to an innocent "unconverted" daughter ravished and murdered, sticking to the

haft of his butcher knife, cannot be translated to glory by kissing a crucifix, or by the mighty intercession of a parson with the Deity, to have his bed in hell assigned to the murdered victim, while the murderer goes to mansions hastily prepared for him, with eider-down accompaniments, just after the parson had telephoned up from the scaffold—"Get ready for another saint."

"Allowing that Christianity is a mere chimera, as W. L. A. would have us believe, what a blessed thing it is, after all! Who wants to get away from it?" Your kind of Christianity is not found in the Bible. What you call Christianity I call a sanctified superstition. "The murderer, on the gallows, doesn't want to get away from it, neither will you nor your progeny, as long as you think there is any danger of being hung. You may not fear death on the gallows, but you do not wish to "get away from it" for the same reason a boy over 60 years ago gave me, when I asked him why he didn't cure his itch—"I don't want to cure it; it feels so good to scratch!" Scratch on, brother, and be sure to keep that sore running.

"They tell (such as W. L. A.) of their fine old Covenant ancestry; tacitly admitting that any trace of deceitry that may have ever dwelt in their systems had its origin in Christianity." "No one will deny that in ages past much evil has been done in the name of religion, but in those darkened days bigotry was a real and temporal sin, because it was the end sought after. Have you ever taken a look at the hole of the pit from which you are so proud you were dug? Have you ever smelt the frying flesh of Michael Servetus, when roasted at the stake by flames kindled by John Calvin's Covenant disciples, urged on to their diabolical work by John Calvin himself? Have you ever read the blue laws of Connecticut, where a woman was fined for kissing her baby on the Sabbath, where a woman was liable to be imprisoned for making mince pies on even a week day? Have you ever read how your boasted ancestors in New England killed witches, banished Quakers and the like, and whipped her, while she was dragged through the snow, till the blood from her snow-white bosom left a trail of gore along the whole route over which she was dragged—"a Covenantant" punishment for her crime that was a Baptist? Do you say that this brutality, prompted by a sanctified superstition, you call "Covenantant (sanctity)," belonged to the dark ages? If so, what have you got to say of the Sabbath laws of Arkansas, which dragged Seventh-day Baptists from their families and kept them in jail till one man's wife and child, all the family he had, died, he being released to meet his wife at the gate, being carried out in a coffin, to be laid side by side with their darling babe; and then to cap the climax of your kind of Christianity, the sheriff ordered and sold his last cow to "pay" jail expenses? What do you think of Georgia, where Sam Jones says the governor is so pious he will wrestle with a sinner who is struggling to "get religion" all night at the mourner's bench—a state Sam Jones considers a modern Christian commonwealth, where a conductor running a train into the state on Sunday is arrested and made to look through the iron bars of a prison—where men and women convicts are made to toil in underground quarries with a guard ready to shoot them down if one of them comes to the front a moment to get fresh air. Do not understand that I mean to say all church members are bigots; many of them are liberal-minded gentlemen and nearly all of the "big preachers" are as liberal as I am. These little fellows, with about three months' schooling, who maul rails till they get tired and sit down on a log and come to the conclusion that they have a "call" to save souls, eat yellow-legged chickens and hug the sisters, are the fellows who, when they find they are powerless to persuade people to adopt their views, begin to call on the legislature to force them to do so.

But this article is so long I will have to defer some important gospel for the present. In my next I will substitute for good, pure, noble person a god disgusted with—a gospel warranted to save and make happy every sinner who embraces and practices it; a religion which makes peace in every neighborhood; which religion that would do away with every superfluous building called a "church"; a religion which none but a good and noble man could embrace; a religion which purifies, ennobles and elevates, and prepares a man for happiness in this world and fits him to shine like a star in the firmament forever and ever; a religion which, if adopted in good time would be a God-sent shower of heavenly spraying mixture that would kill every fruit pest for all time; a religion that would soothe the heart that it would remove all the sanctified fellow school venom out of the poor little fellow who, since Bro. B.'s last article in the GLACIER, has begun to rave about "Overshadowing" into the post office marked "A Dams." "I came not to bring peace but a sword," said Christ, and I seem to be following in his footsteps. I will, however (the Lord willing), prove the truth of my religion beyond the possibility of cavil from the Bible, a portion of the book almost entirely overlooked in theological seminaries and seldom alluded to in modern pulpits. Having spent ten years of my life in ransacking the dusty and bloody pages of church history, and having been a preacher for about 12 years, I feel pretty well qualified to grapple with the subject.

W. L. A.

Old People, Who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys, will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. "Old people find it just exactly what they need. Price 50c and \$1 per bottle at Hood River Pharmacy."

List of Letters Remaining in the Hood River post office unclaimed for March 1, 1896: Briscendine Thos Seales Mrs. W. A. Chabram (Indian) Siedel Cephaile Grub Mrs. E. J. 2 Scidnal, Fred Rosler G. H.

Acrostic. SOUND MONEY—our plea; Our country, 'tis of thee; Use our own labor—free; No free silver gull! Despair—not at all. Make every word count; for Ours is the day. None other can win, Else all signs fall—Year of Republicans. And victory all along the line. No solid south. Disturbs our dreams. PROTECTION. Runs in our blood, O'er all our fair land, True to our nation's heart, Equally just to all, Collect our revenue. Time's on the wing! Innocent thing! Onward speed our course—to the National house of congress.—Author: Chronic Office Seeker. Yours truly, J. W. MORGAN.

"Kenneth Clair." [Apropos of the incident of the babe left on the doorstep of Mr. Farley at The Dalles, with the name "Kenneth Clair" pinned to its clothes, Mr. J. H. Cradbaugh has written the following verses, which are taken from The Dalles papers:]

It's rather early to make a call On folks that I do not know at all; And though social rules are new to me, From the way I'm left 'tis plain to see That the folks inside are not aware Of the gent just come from "Who Knows Where." With the modest title of Kenneth Clair. The name's all right as far as it goes, But when the name was pinned on my clothes Just this word more, it seems to me, Would have solved a needless mystery; Would have started me out, a deal more square: Been proper and right, and only fair, With my papa's name after Kenneth Clair.

I cannot ring, and I cannot knock, So I fear that some one will get a shock If I lurk at the door in this silent way, But I neither know what to do nor say. I wonder, I do, if I really dare To try my lungs in this morning air. And see if these folks know Kenneth Clair. Just where I came from I cannot say, The stars may know, and I can't but think That perhaps they do, from the way they wink. I guess I came from the Anywhere, Maybe from the big red star up there; But the matter's too deep for Kenneth Clair. I wish I knew these folks inside, For this fix I'm in quite wounds my pride— For this fix I'm in quite wounds my pride— Like the furling remnant of some one's— I don't— And I see these people are going to stare When they look on the doorstep and find me there. And say, "Who the dickens is Kenneth Clair?" I know for a mite of such tiny size I am going to cause a great surprise, At the little waif, who will be asleep, And they'll wonder and guess, and maybe declare That the thing is strange, and hardly fair To the party in interest—Kenneth Clair.

Al! Kenneth Clair, the bad side wide, And the good and the bad go side by side, And stronger than you for us all, But the mercy of God is for us all. He ever listens to plaint and prayer, And the plea of the helpless from everywhere, Even the plea of a mite such as Kenneth Clair. Night passes, and morning will set things right, For a woman's heart is infinite; And for you will be the old care square. That comes from the measureless tenderness, For the heart of a mother can care. For the motherless a generous share, And certainly some for Kenneth Clair.

ALGOMA Will make the season of 1896 at Hood River, Or.

Algoma, by Altamont, a world champion, being the only trotting-bred stallion that has ever sired the 240 performers; grand sire of Ribault, 2285, sire of Chelonia, 2475, Edith T., 2308, Doc Sperry, 2209, Pathmont, 2593, Alamo, 2592—all race records, and 20 others with records of 2:30 and better. Algoma's dam Bell Rooney by Young Bushaw, sire of Major Linn, 2239. Terms, \$20, with usual return privileges. Insurance during the time necessary for breeding purposes will be furnished at \$2 per month. Accidents and escapes at owners' risk. F. H. HUTTON, mare Hood River, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at Vancouver, Wash., March 3, 1896.—Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before C. G. Green, Clerk of the Superior Court of Skamania county, Washington, on April 21, 1896, viz: HORACE WITHERWAX, Hd. 7899, for the south 1/2 southwest 1/4 southwest 1/4 northwest 1/4 and northeast 1/4 section 11, township 8 north, range 9 east, W. M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: William Kennedy, Geo. W. Fisher and Charles Myers, all of Chenoweth, Wash. GEO. H. STEVENSON, Register.

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He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: George M. Berry, Horace Witherwax, Chas. Myers and George W. Fisher, all of Chenoweth, Wash. GEO. H. STEVENSON, Register.

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He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: George M. Berry, Horace Witherwax, Chas. Myers and George W. Fisher, all of Chenoweth, Wash. GEO. H. STEVENSON, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at Vancouver, Wash., Feb. 27, 1896.—Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before W. R. Dunbar, Commissioner U. S. Circuit Court for District of Washington, at his office in Goldendale, Wash., on April 22, 1896, viz: JAMES ELLARD, Hd. E. No. 8028, for the southeast 1/4 of northeast 1/4 section 22 and northeast 1/4 of northwest 1/4 and southwest 1/4 of northwest 1/4 section 23, township 4 north, range 12 east, W. M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Joseph Duffert, Robert Snider, Fred Smith, James Fitz, all of Lyle, P. O., Washington. GEO. H. STEVENSON, Register.

# R. Rand & Son

—DEALERS IN—  
Dry Goods, Clothing,  
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Comfortable conveyances to all parts of Hood River, valley and vicinity. Livery driving and transferring done with care and promptness. Also, dealer in  
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS  
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Call and see our stock and get prices; they are interesting.

# WEST BROS., BUTCHERS, KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND Choice Fresh Meats, Hams, Bacon, Lard, And All Kinds of Game. ALSO, DEALERS IN FRUITS AND VEGETABLES. HOOD RIVER, OREGON.

# Take Notice!

WE HAVE ADOPTED THE  
CASH BASIS!!  
And shall endeavor to merit custom by QUALITY as well as QUANTITY.  
WILLIAMS & BROS.,  
Hood River Pharmacy.

# C. M. WOLFARD, —DEALER IN— General Merchandise, Sells only for CASH at Lowest Prices.

WE WANT TRADE OF CLOSE BUYERS.  
We invite your TRADE.

# S. E. Bartmess UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER. And dealer in all kinds of Building Materials, Wall Paper, Paints, Oils, etc., etc. Agent for the Bridal Veil Lumber Company.

# Fruit Trees.

All the best variety of Apples, including Yakima, Gano, Arkansas Black, etc., and all other kinds of nursery stock kept constantly on hand. Prices will be made satisfactory. Buy your trees at the home nursery and save expense and damage. We are here to stay.  
H. C. BATEHAM, Columbia Nursery.

# Administrator's Notice.

TO CREDITORS. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the honorable county court of Wasco county, Oregon, administrator of the estate of Martha Purser, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are notified to present the same to me in Hood River, Wasco county, Oregon, within six months of the date of this notice, dated November 11, 1895.  
A. S. BLOWERS, Administrator of the Estate of Martha Purser, deceased.

# GEO. P. CROWELL, —DEALER IN— Dry Goods, Clothing, AND General Merchandise, Flour and Feed, Etc., HOOD RIVER, OREGON.

# Bargains in Land.

200 acres of unimproved land for sale on the East Side, 6 miles from town, \$7 to \$10 an acre. Other land, about half cleared, \$20 an acre. Well improved land, \$50 an acre. Plenty of water for irrigation. Will sell in 20 or 30 acre tracts. Inquire at Glacier office.